

# THE BROOKLYN NEWS

## LEWIS IS INDICTED, SHOT TWICE AT HIS FATHER.

The Grand Jury Finds Against the Brooklyn Supervisor.

He and Corey Charged with Presenting False Burial Claims.

Kings County Supposed to Have Been Robbed of \$10,000 or \$20,000.

The Grand Jury of Kings County came into the Court of Sessions, in Brooklyn, this morning, and handed up indictments against Supervisor Harvey T. Lewis and Richard Corey, a citizen of the Seventh Ward, for presenting false claims against the county for the burial of pauper war veterans.

The indictments were handed up under a seal and will not be made public until the persons are arrested and arraigned. Corey is now said to be a fugitive.

It became known that the Grand Jury had begun the investigation.

The alleged frauds were perpetrated under the law which provides that the county shall pay \$35 for the burial of poor veterans.

Corey, it is alleged, through Supervisor Lewis presented a claim for the burial of John Humphries, a veteran of the Forty-seventh Regiment.

The claim was in the name of "D. J. Lane," and the check for \$35 was made out in the claimant's name and paid over to Supervisor Lewis, who presented the check indorsed by "D. J. Lane" to Saloon-keeper Otten and received the money.

The frauds have been carried on for a number of years, it is alleged, but were only brought to light a few weeks ago.

It is estimated that the county has paid out at least \$10,000 to \$20,000 in false claims.

Supervisor Lewis lives at 173 Eckford street and represents the Seventeenth Ward.

As soon as the indictments were filed in the Court of Sessions, several officers from the District Attorney's office went out to arrest the persons named in the indictments.

Other indictments were also filed, but whether they are in connection with the burial frauds or only ordinary cases could not be ascertained.

It is probable that the papers contain a severe censure for the "Burial Committee," for the lax methods of auditing these fraudulent claims.

It is said that both indictments were found on the testimony of Veteran Humphries, who testified that he had received the fictitious address from Sackett street.

Supervisor Lewis, when called upon to explain why "D. J. Lane" was used, could not give any satisfactory explanation, and he was discharged.

The indictments were returned on the check which Mr. Lewis cashed at Otten's place.

Supervisor Lewis is already under indictment for the same offense, and it is not thought that he will be arrested, but he will be simply notified of the last indictment.

At the residence of Supervisor Lewis this morning it was said he was out of the State spending the summer in Canada.

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John Martin Then Resisted the Officer Called to Arrest Him.

He Had Been to the Race Track and Came Home Drunk.

John Martin, of 134 Myrtle avenue, was held in \$500 bail at the Adams Street Police Court, Brooklyn, this morning, charged with firing two shots at his father, John J. Martin, the pawnbroker.

Martin came up from the Brighton Beach race track late last night under the influence of liquor. He entered his father's house and began overturning chairs, tables and movable furniture.

When his parents remonstrated he drew a revolver and fired two shots. Mrs. Martin crawled under the table, while her husband ran into the street crying, "Murder."

Martin was placed under arrest after making strong resistance. Two holes in the walls of Mr. Martin's room mark the spot where the bullets struck.

THE LEFT ONLY THE CAT.

Coburn's Wife Stripped the House and Deserted Him.

Hugo Coburn, a pocketbook maker, of 209 Kent avenue, Williamsburg, complained at the Bedford Avenue station today that his wife had deserted him and taken nearly all his personal belongings with her.

Yesterday morning Coburn left for work as usual. While he was away his wife called on a truckman and moved out nearly all the furniture in the place. In addition to this, she took six canary birds, which Coburn valued at \$3 apiece, and a London section.

The only thing left about the house when the husband got home was the cat, and as he said the animal was very pretty, he promptly killed it out. The cat didn't come back.

"Up to a short time before my wife went away," said Coburn, "there was \$700 in the bank in my wife's name, it being my total savings for years."

"A few weeks ago she drew it all out, saying that banks were not safe in these days of anarchy and a London section."

"Now, I do not want to say that my wife is young and beautiful, she is over forty years of age. We were married in 1870, and always got along happily together. I suppose there is another man in the case, but I do not know the slightest thing of anything wrong."

BURNED A CAT TO DEATH.

Two Boys Accused of Indulging in Cruel Sport.

The Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals this morning received word that two little boys, Henry McCann and David O'Donnell, both eight years old, of 77 and 78 Franklin avenue, make a practise of torturing the cats in their neighborhood.

The complainant says that last night the boys secured a fine large Maltese cat belonging to one of the neighbors and after wrapping it up in some bag, they carried it to their place.

As the bagging began to blaze the boys held the cat down with a short stick, and the cat was killed. The boys scattered the charred remains about the street.

The boys will probably be arrested today.

LAWYER ANTHONY GOT HIS BILL.

And Judgment Was Taken Against Him by Default.

A case in which D. Edgar Anthony, an attorney, of Hancock street, sued as defendant, went against him by default in the Federal Circuit Court, Williamsburg, today.

Peter P. Brady, a butcher, of 378 Sumner avenue, sued for a bill of \$101.85, and Anthony called for a bill of particulars. Today a long butcher's bill was filed with Judge Patterson, the first item being dated April 24, 1891.

It is said by Lawyer Henry A. Powell, who acted for Brady, that the bill was filed to appear in Court after he found out that the bill of particulars had been prepared.

BURNED FOR TWO HOURS.

A Stubborn Fire in Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, This Morning.

At 4.30 o'clock this morning fire broke out in the restaurant of Alfred Gordon, 495 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, which for two hours kept the firemen busy and caused considerable damage to adjoining property.

Gordon's property was damaged to the extent of \$1,000, and the owner of the building suffered a loss of \$1,000.

The flames communicated to the store of Edward J. Sullivan, 495 Hudson avenue, and then to the liquor store of George Hoister, 495 Fulton, and destroyed the entire second floor occupied by them.

The total damage to stock and buildings is estimated at \$5,000.

FIVE PRISONERS SENTENCED.

Judge Moore Deals Out Justice to a Batch of Burglars.

Judge Moore, in the Brooklyn Court of Sessions this morning, sentenced the following prisoners:

John Ramsay, burglary, in the second degree, two years and ten months in Sing Sing.

Daniel Flood, burglary, third degree, two years and ten months in the Kings County Penitentiary.

James Farrell, burglary, third degree, committed to the House of Refuge.

William Kirby and George Humphrey, burglary, third degree, sent to Elmira Reformatory.

Max Morrissey, grand larceny, sent to Elmira Reformatory.

HELD FOR LARCENY.

Bernard and Bridget McKenna Charged with Theft of Groceries.

Bernard and Bridget McKenna, of 83 Degraw street, Brooklyn, were held in \$500 bail this morning in the Butler Street Police Court on the charge of grand larceny. City Clerk Michael J. Cummings signed their bonds.

The McKennas are charged by Jane T. Landau, of 83 Degraw street, with removing \$100 worth of stock and furniture from his grocery store on July 15. The McKennas deny the charge.

LAWYER GAYNOR GOING ABOARD.

William J. Gaynor will sail on the Paris for Europe tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Gaynor will make a short tour of the Continent and spend one month in London, where he expects to do some literary recreation in the various libraries.

## BURSTIN SAYS HE'S INNOCENT

An Aged Hebrew in Raymond Street Jail for Theft.

He Seeks a Missing Son.

Isaac Burstin, a white-haired, feeble old man, who before the war of Russia, was regarded as one of the wealthiest of that race in London, Poland, occupies a cell in Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn.

Charged with petit larceny and fined \$20, he must work out his sentence in that institution, and since his incarceration he has done little else than cry and rock himself to and fro, varying the monotony of this occupation by occasionally picking at his beard.

In his native dialect he proclaims his innocence, says he has done no wrong, and wants to know why he is being treated as a criminal.

Burstin, who is a brother-in-law of A. L. Blumenthal, of 222 Seventh avenue, New York, cannot speak English, and attributes his imprisonment to much to his inability to speak English as to anything else.

When his brother-in-law, hearing of his trouble, called upon him yesterday, the old man could scarcely explain anything. In fact, he did not know that he had been imprisoned on him, but thought he was simply held to await trial.

His friends will not know until they see it in "The Evening World" that he has been arrested.

According to Blumenthal's story, Burstin was arrested on the morning of July 15, in London, of about \$5,000 a year, and when the edict against Hebrews was issued, he fled to America.

The old man had several children, all of whom are now wanderers, and the whole world for a country. One son in particular he was much attached to, but he had been killed in Berlin, Germany, but when he heard of the edict against his race he committed suicide.

The Mayor expunged from the Grand man packed up what little he had and started for this country, arriving here in 1880.

He has a son somewhere in Brooklyn, but he had forgotten the address. Finding this, he went to the address, where several of his own race lived, and from that place he started out every morning and travelled through the city in hopes of finding or hearing something of his son.

But he had no money, and the little money remaining in his possession gave out, as did also his shoes and clothing. He was reduced to a state of utter destitution, and in his pocket he started out as usual, but he had no money.

He had a half a dozen addresses written in English on a slip of paper.

Every block or so he would show this slip to pedestrians, and by signs in the way. He had tried nearly all the addresses written on the slip, but he had not found his son.

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## KOSERWITZ WANTED TO DIE.

So He Placed His Head Upon a Railroad Track.

The Train Was Stopped in Time and He Was Arrested.

Henry Koserwitz, twenty-six years of age, whose home is on Dresden street, near Liberty avenue, was arraigned at the Gates Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, this morning on a charge of intoxication.

He was remanded until Aug. 1 for examination by Justice Connelly. During Henry's stay in jail he will have time to ponder further on the advisability of living longer in this world of woe and want, a question on which he seemed to have some doubts yesterday when he attempted suicide.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon he stood near the crossing of the Long Island Railroad at Atlantic and Railroad avenues, and when he beheld approaching a through train, he went to the west-bound track and placed his head upon the rail.

The engineer saw him in time to stop the train with the engine, but a few feet removed from the west-bound side. The engineer jumped from the cab of his engine and attempted to reach Koserwitz, but he was too late.

A section gang appeared on a handcar at this point of the proceedings and Koserwitz was taken to the station, where he was held in custody.

At One Hundred and Fourth street Magrino and his gang, who had been at a picnic at Lion Park, boarded the train. Magrino began jollying McKenna, and finally insulted the young woman, put his hands on her, and attempted to take further liberties. McKenna resisted this, whereupon Magrino, it is alleged, drew a knife and stabbed her unmercifully with his cane. This was a signal for a general fight.

The place where the fight took place was crowded with half-drunk picknickers, who promptly took sides with one or the other party.

A disinterested passenger told the police that he never witnessed such a terrible brawl. Blows were exchanged, hats and buttons were crushed, and both sides were round the train.

The trainmen were powerless, and on reaching Eighty-first street the engineer ordered the train to stop.

When arraigned before Justice Koch, Magrino denied the assault, but said that McKenna insulted him first, then, he said, "I just laid in \$200 bail to answer."

THE "COLD THIRTEEN" SAID TO BE DOING A LOT OF THINKING.

Mayor Booy still observes a sphinx-like silence as to his next move towards a vindication of his character from the aspersions cast upon it by the June Grand Jury, which regretted its inability to indict him for the District-Attorney's interpretation of the law.

His counsel, Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, has not as yet carried out the threat to have the obnoxious evidence against the Mayor expunged from the Grand Jury minutes.

It was expected that he would do so this morning, but he has not done so.

When Judge Moore closed his Court, he had not put in an appearance.

Lawyer William J. Gaynor, who has been doing most of the fighting against the alleged corruption, sails for Europe tomorrow.

He will be absent about six weeks, and until then his law partner, Mr. Gross, will attend to the cases.

Mr. Gross said this morning that the papers in the suit against the Mayor, and the evidence against him, were being taken to the Grand Jury.

He said that he was not going to take the case to the Grand Jury, but he was going to take it to the Court.

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## FREE FIGHT ON AN L. TRAIN.

Pionickers Pitch Into Each Other and Pandemonium Reigns.

The Engineer Had to Blow the Police Signal for Help.

At 3 o'clock this morning Policemen Trainor and Banks, while patrolling Coubert avenue, were summoned to the Eighty-first street station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated road by the engineer of a train which had just entered the station, saying what is known as the "police call" upon the engine whistle.

According to the platform the policeman found John McKenna, an employee of Bolin & Byrne's bottling works, with blood streaming over his face, surrounded by a howling mob of Italian and McKenna said he had been assaulted by one of the Italians named Dan Magrino, a barber, of West Thirty-first street. The policeman arrested Magrino, and in doing so were compelled to fight the other Italians, but succeeded in carrying their prisoner away.

McKenna was also taken to the station, where he was held in custody. He was badly wounded, which consisted of several bad cuts on the head. This morning Magrino was arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court.

According to the evidence, it seems that McKenna was going home from a picnic at the Atlantic Casino. He had in his pocket a woman with him.

At One Hundred and Fourth street Magrino and his gang, who had been at a picnic at Lion Park, boarded the train. Magrino began jollying McKenna, and finally insulted the young woman, put his hands on her, and attempted to take further liberties. McKenna resisted this, whereupon Magrino, it